

# In Southern Seas

ALICE M. GUERNSEY



*From "Down in Porto Rico"*

*"To him the palm is a gift divine,  
In which all uses of man combine"*

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY  
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Conquest Series—V

**LESSON I.**—On the Way to Porto Rico  
In the Island of Porto Rico

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## On the Way to Porto Rico

**F**IRST class in Missions—Ready ! Open your geographies to the map of the Western Hemisphere. North—Central—South—America ! There they lie in a curving line thousands of miles long—the great northern continent with its two mighty nations doing much of the best work that is done in the world to-day ; the great southern continent that has been “marking time,” but bids fair to fall into step with its wide-awake neighbor one of these days; Mexico and the restless countries between.

Now look from east to west. Greenland is the only neighbor at the north, and there is none to match it at the south. But along the middle line there is a regular row of island stepping stones. Suppose you had on “seven-league” boots and wanted to go from Brazil to Florida. That’s easy enough ! One step to the Windward and one to the Leeward Islands (where ever did they get those names ?) then across to Porto Rico, to Haiti, to Jamaica, to Cuba, to the Florida peninsula. You did not even need that wonderful railroad bridge they are building over the Gulf of Mexico with islands for its piers.

Now look at the map again—at the narrowest part of the Central-American curve. If your map is up-to-date you will find just there two names that your fathers and mothers never heard of when they studied geography—the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone. It will be well worth your while to look up the history of the first ten years of the present century, and learn how these names got on the map and what they stand for.

Something very wonderful has been going on down there within the ten years—something that is making over the world that God made and something that will, in years to come, make over the world that man has made—the routes of commerce and travel, the plans of people for their homes.

Of course you know that this something is the Panama Canal, a marvelous piece of engineering of which we have a right to be very proud. Doubtless some of you will ride through it by-and-by, on a great Atlantic-Pacific liner or a government ship. If you start from the Atlantic side, you will find that the sun rises right straight in front of you when you reach the Pacific. In other words, Colon, at the Pacific end of the Canal, is east of Panama at the Atlantic end. The map will show you how this can be.

Now let's "suppose" again, and think of the Canal as a great keyhole in the lock of the door separating the eastern from the western ocean. Whether the door be fastened or not depends upon the key. What is it? Why, these same islands, to be sure, especially the island of Cuba. See how directly it faces the Canal. If her government said that no ships could go through she could certainly make trouble for those who tried to go in spite of her, especially if she had the help of United States ships in guarding the waterway between the island and Panama. Did somebody ask what would happen if Cuba should join hands with a nation that wanted to injure us, and should let hostile ships use the Canal? She has promised never to do that, and nations, like people, are expected to keep their promises. In her treaties with the United States she has agreed that she will make no treaties with other governments without our approval. So that really puts the key of the Canal into our hands.

A great many things are to be done when the Canal is finished. European ships and ships from the eastern part of the United States will be able to reach India, China and Japan more quickly and much more safely than they can now. Ships to and from South America will have better routes. The Central American states will be brought more into touch with modern civilization and Christianity. It is going to make much difference with our southern states, for many more immigrants will come to them. There are great farming and fruit lands waiting for laborers all through the Gulf states, and there are some pretty serious questions to be answered about the new-comers. Will the Italians and Syrians, for



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### **One of the "Little Brown Shacks"**

instance, go into the country and help to make the fields "bud and blossom," or will they settle down in the cities and add to their poverty and so enlarge their slum districts? Will they live in peace not only with their white neighbors, but with the Negroes? Will the large Negro population of the South treat them honorably and fairly? Will the white people give "a square deal" to foreigners and to Negroes? Some of these queries, perhaps all of them, will not be settled until you are men and women and have a "say" as to what shall be done in our land. It is well to be thinking of them now.

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## In the Island of Porto Rico

LET'S "play" now that you have been to Porto Rico—by seven-league boots or in some other way—and have come back to talk about it. \_\_\_\_\_ will tell us of the journey.

"We left New York Saturday noon, and reached San Juan the following Thursday. We had a hard storm on the way, that made some of us pretty seasick, but we forgot all about that as soon as the storm passed away. It seemed so funny to leave New York in the winter and have to put on summer clothes before we were anywhere near the end of our journey; it was a pretty sight the morning all the ship's officers appeared in white suits.

"One of our missionaries from the George O. Robinson Orphanage met us at the wharf with a cordial welcome, and took us to the trolley car which passes near the Home."

\_\_\_\_\_ will tell us of the geography of the island.

"It is about one hundred miles long and thirty-six wide. Except for a little strip along the coast it is very hilly. There are several good harbors, that of San Juan being the best. Quite near the coast are various smaller islands; of these, Goat Island, at the entrance to San Juan Harbor, is used for a leper colony. Vieques, to the southeast of Porto Rico, is of special interest to us, because the Woman's Home Missionary Society has a day school there."

\_\_\_\_\_ will tell us about the weather in Porto Rico.

"You must take an overcoat and a fan when you go to the island—and very likely you will want both the same day. Its mountains and hills make it much more healthful than tropical regions usually are. The hills can be cultivated to their very tops, and in the northern hill region one can live comfortably all the year round. But on the southern side it sometimes rains for months and sometimes there is no rain for more than a year. Dreadful

hurricanes visit the island at times, as well as earthquakes."

\_\_\_\_\_ will tell us about the plant life.

"Any kind of fruit and vegetables that will grow in the tropics will grow in Porto Rico. Palms are the principal trees, and of these the cocoa palm furnishes, as in other hot countries, milk, medicine, oil, jelly, wood, building material, baskets, etc. The banana is the 'poor man's tree', having a crop the second year after it is planted; its fruit gives more nourishment, pound for pound, than wheat, or even meat. Sugarcane and tobacco, coffee, pineapples, oranges, lemons and breadfruit abound.

"There are two ways of getting cocoanuts; one is to lie down under the tree and wait for a big nut to fall from its top, sixty to eighty feet above you. There is some danger, to be sure, that it will fall on your head. The better way is to send a small boy 'shinning' up the long, straight trunk to the very top, where he can pick off the nuts while you stand out of the way."

\_\_\_\_\_ will tell of the homes of the people.

"When Spain built the fine 'military road' she meant it for her own convenience, but she really helped Porto Rico more than she did herself. All along this road—and still more on the bridle



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### **Along the Military Road**

paths that pass for roads in much of the island—may be seen the little brown shacks, or the huts made of old boards and tin cans flattened out, and thatched with palm leaves, in which the people live.

"Most of the houses in the cities are built around a central court, or patio, the room, or rooms, in which different families live all opening on the court. A short passage-way leads from the street, and the court is hallway, vestibule, garden, dining room, or anything else you may choose to call it—for the people live and work and lounge in the patio, rather than in their dark, crowded rooms."

What can ————— tell us about the people ?

"Men, women and children, especially in the country, go bare-foot, and many of the country children wear only their 'birthday clothing' until they are quite large boys and girls. The milkman



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### A Peep into a Patio

drives his cow to the patio's entrance every morning and milks it there for his customers. If a little grass happens to grow in a Porto Rican yard the gardener is pretty sure to pull it up; they seem to like bare ground better than grassy lawns. Many of the people carry umbrellas at night to protect them from the dew. The lady of the house would consider herself disgraced if she carried home from the store so much as a spool of cotton, and the men have the same feeling about doing anything with their hands. The people are great gamblers, and very fond of cock-fighting. Washing is done in the rivers, the clothing being pounded upon the stones. There is very little manufacturing done in Porto Rico—indeed, a large part of the souvenirs that tourists buy there are made in Spain or elsewhere."

————— will read a story of Porto Rican schools.

Mercedes, Juanita, Pachita, Juan, Felipe—here they are, all out at play, just like American school children at recess, only that it is too hot for hard running games. Where is the schoolhouse? Why, under that cocoanut tree at the left. Yes, that little shack, thatched with palm leaves. See the American flag floating above it! That tells the story. If the breeze that waves it could speak to you as it does to some older people, it would say, "In all this beautiful island outside the city of San Juan, there was but one schoolhouse when it came into the possession of the United States. Spain had kept the men and women in ignorance for more than four hundred years. Every bright fold of Old Glory means new life, new joy, new hope to the boys and girls of Porto Rico, for now they have a chance." As it floats under the blue of the tropical skies, the most beautiful flag in the world to us, it seems as if its stars shone with added luster because of that for which it stands in the "Gem of the Antilles."

The children are called in—let us go, too. A boy and girl as color-bearers step to the front and face the school. With lifted right hands and standing erect as little soldiers, the rest of the children pledge their love and loyalty to the flag—their flag, now—in the same salute that you give in the "little red schoolhouse" of New England, the fine city school-building of brick and stone, or the little white cabin on the wide, wide prairie—"I give my hand and my heart to my country." And then in broken English, but with faces aglow, these Porto-Rican American voices ring out in our national hymn,

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing."

————— will tell us what you learned about the missionary doctors.

"A missionary doctor, whether in foreign lands or in this country, has to do many things that are not taught in medical schools. We went with one who left the hospital in San Juan, one bright morning, for a trip up the mountain side. We were all on horseback, for the 'road' was only a path under low-spreading trees and across fields. The tiny shacks along the way were set here and there just as each owner fancied, without any sort of reference to the path.

"When the doctor dismounted to see a patient, she often had to take a lighted candle with her into the room, for windows, which would let in light and, possibly, air, are entirely out of fashion there.

Indeed, it is next to impossible for the doctor to persuade the people that a sick person must have fresh air. They will sometimes consent to let it in while the doctor remains, but the darkness and stuffiness come back as soon as possible after she is gone. But the people are slowly learning better, and when they see the good results from treatment given in the missionary hospitals they are forced to think about these things."

What can ————— tell of our Homes and schools in Porto Rico ?

"Our principal Home is the George O. Robinson Orphanage for girls, in San Turce, just outside of the city of San Juan. This is a beautiful cement building, near the ocean, and with cocoanut and other trees on its grounds. Then there are day-schools and kindergartens under the charge of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, in San Juan (the McKinley Day School), Puerta de Tierra and Ponce (Fisk Kindergarten), and on the island of Vieques. In connection with the McKinley Day School in San Juan, there is a Kinder-



*From "Star 49?"*

### George O. Robinson Orphanage

garten Training Class where some of the oldest girls from the Orphanage are taking the course which will fit them to become Kindergarten teachers."

# Some Porto Rican Boys and Girls

THEY came to the Orphanage all the way from a little shack in the heart of the mountains—six-years-old Eloisa and Jesus Pereira, her brother, with their old grandmother. Oh, yes, Jesus is a common name for Spanish boys. It is pronounced as if spelled Hay-soos. They walked, of course, and little feet and larger feet were very, very tired. But their eyes were bright with hope, as the grandmother said in the soft, sweet Spanish tongue,

"Will the señorita permit that the children come to school?"

"Sit down here on the veranda and rest," said the teacher, "while we talk about it. Who told you of the school?"

"The señorita is good," was the polite reply, "and we thank her. It is on the mountain road that we live, and one day an American man with books to read rode by our home. He wanted to give the children good books, so he said—but oh, señorita, they cannot read at all. I was ashamed but I said, 'Pardon, señor, but the children do not know how to read, and there is no school for them.' Then he told us of a beautiful Home in the city where there were books and lessons, and where children learn good things, and so we came."

The teacher looked at the bare-footed boy and girl with hardly clothes enough on to cover their brown little bodies, and with not even the smallest of bundles in their hands, and it was hard to say to the loving old grandmother,

"But did not the American tell you this was a school for girls?"

Tears came into the grandmother's eyes, and her voice shook a little as she answered,

"Ah, yes, señorita, but I thought that when I told you all about it you would take the boy too. It is this way, señorita. There are new times coming to Porto Rico. I am old, and I shall not see it much, but the children will. And I know, for I have seen many long years, and have had time to think many things,—I know that there must be a new kind of men and women for the new time. And how can they be new if they have no chance to learn like the *Americanos*? And if only the girls learn it will be no better, for the young men will love them, señorita—it is always so—and will marry them. It is the way. But a woman can not make a home alone, and if she knows things and he does not, there will not be happy times in their home."

Oh, how many, many times the missionary teacher had "thought things" like the old grandmother ! Many a time she had had to say, "We will take the girl, but nobody has made a place for boys." But this time she answered gladly, "You are right, very right, señora. And there is a chance for the boys, too. We will take Eloisa into our Home, and teach her how to make her own home by-and-by, and how to sew and how to read books. And now you shall all rest a little longer and have something to eat, and then I will tell you about the school for the boys."

Perhaps you do not know, you Home Missionary boys and girls who are learning about Porto Rico, that the same generous giver to whom we owe our Home for girls in San Turce, just a trolley ride from San Juan, has given the money for a similar Home for boys. So now there are two George O. Robinson Homes and schools on the island. Is not that a beautiful way to give money—to put it where it will help to lift up a whole nation by lifting up its "citizens of to-morrow" ? Some of you may have a great deal of money one of these days. Will you remember then this way of doing good ?

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"The States," as they say in Porto Rico, are very different from the island. When you remember that the long chain which you saw on the map is not far from the equator, you will understand that the first sight of snow and ice would be full of surprises to a Porto Rican child. "How did the new country seem to you ?" asked a lady of Juanita who came here to be trained as a missionary. "Oh, everybody hurry, hurry," was her answer. "And when snow came I said to my roommate, 'Oh, Maria, look at that ! What is it ?' They told me it was snow, and I was crazy to go out and feel it. I made a snow man and tied a white ribbon around his neck, and I made balls of the snow and took them to my room. I just couldn't study."

"Who taught you to make such lovely drawn work ?" asked a friend of one of the girls. "It was born in me," was the quick reply. "I could spin before I could talk, and often I would spin a spool of thread for my mother, and she would pay me a penny. I am not Porto Rican, I am pure Castilian,"—and there was real Spanish pride in her voice as she added, "When my father died my mother sold everything, and thought she had a great deal of money. But my mother was a lady and had never learned to do anything, not even to buy things at the store. Of course the money did not last very long, and then we had hard times. But when my mother died though we were left motherless we were not left friendless,

for God knew better for us, and my godmother, who was an American teacher, took me to the missionary Home.

"How do they get the girls in the Home?" This is one way, as the missionary tells the story:

"We had sixty names on our waiting list, and money had come so that we could take in a few more, and we—the superintendent and I—went to try to find the most needy. Our search took us into a dreadful, slimy patio, where we found a grandmother and three little girls. We could take but two of them. The oldest was thirteen—we knew she would soon be too old to be helped at



**Little Maids of Porto Rico**

all if we did not take her now. The second was under ten, and the youngest was three and a half. We couldn't bear to leave the dead mother's baby, so we took the oldest and the youngest, and promised the second girl that we would come for her as soon as possible. They lived in a room nine by twelve feet in size, in which twenty-two people slept under some old clothes. Do you wonder that she fell on her knees begging, 'Oh, lady, take me, too!'

"The next day the grandmother was taken ill and had to be sent to the hospital, and on Tuesday when I went to the patio again, the girl had disappeared.

"Three months later we found her, beaten and bruised from head to foot, at the door of the Home. She had been in a place where Christian care and shelter were expected, but when the poor, homesick girl cried, they abused her and then put her out on the street, and somehow—I think God's angels must have led her—she found her way to our Home.

"Another of our girls was disowned by her father and left on the street of another city. An old man took her to live with him as his slave, but the Mayor found it out and took her from him and gave her, with legal papers, into our charge. We supposed she had no relatives nor friends, but after she had been in the Home three years her father came to claim her. He was told he could not have her, but he insisted, and we had to report the matter to the city authorities. They very quickly told the man to leave the city and never come back."

What do the small girls do in the Home? You should see the Broom Brigade with its little captain, all armed with small brooms with which they keep the cement walks nicely swept. This is only one of the many ways in which even the very small girls are taught to be useful.

The first pair of shoes is such a treasure. One of the girls cried herself into hysterics when they tried to have her take them off at night, and was finally allowed to keep them on while she went to sleep.

In an old shack in one of the suburbs of San Juan, lived two girls and a brother with their mother. The shack had two rooms, and every bit of furniture in it was a chair, some boxes, an old cot and a hammock, one teacup, a tin spoon, two old plates and a broken stove. Lizards ran around the floor and everything was dirty beyond description. Of course the children knew nothing of decent, orderly ways of living, and when you think of this you can have a little idea what it means to have the charge of these girls—of what it costs the missionary in time and strength and patience, to teach them to be neat and clean. Only God's love in the heart could make it possible for the missionaries to do some of the things that must be done. But the reward comes, after all, for it is a joy to see the bright-faced, happy, well-taught girls after they have been in our Home for a while.

It was decided to take the two girls from this shack into the Home. "What is the matter with Maria?" asked the teacher, as

she saw that the little girl was lame.

"Oh, the wind," said the mother, "the dreadful wind. Our shack was all blown to pieces and we went every way, nobody knew where." The teacher had been on the island through the tornado that did such terrible damage, and could well understand the scattering of the family. "Did you lose Maria?" she asked.

"Yes, señorita, we lost her—and she was the baby. By-and-by, when the wind was all blown away and we came back to hunt, we could not find her till a man heard her cry. And when we went to where the little cry was, we found her caught under some boards and her poor little leg was broken in two places. There wasn't any doctor, señorita, but I fixed it up the best I could. I put sticks on to make it straight, but I could not make it all straight."

"The poor baby," you say. She is only one out of a great many Porto Rican babies, to say nothing of their mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters, who suffer all their lives because there is no doctor to help them in their time of need. We may well thank God that he has put it into the hearts of good people to open missionary hospitals and send missionary physicians to the island. It is the same here as in foreign countries—the missionary doctors do as Jesus did, for they work for both bodies and souls.



Isabel's Baby

down on her knees for the evening prayer, and then covered her up in bed as softly and lovingly as a mother.

They had a wedding in the San Juan Home once on a time. One of the dear girls who had known its loving care and shelter for several years was married to a Christian young man. Of course everything was as bright and cheery as possible. The wedding cake

was made by one of the girls, and it was excellent. Another girl said of the cake-maker, "She can do anything with her hands—cook, embroider, make dresses, as well as anybody. Oh, that girl ! But don't ask her to multiply numbers !" I wonder if there are any of the girls you know who do not "multiply numbers" very well.

Isabel, the young bride, has now a dear little son of her own, and he is a Junior life member of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. Don't you think he may be called the grandson of the Society ?

Perhaps some of you ask, "Why does the Woman's Home Missionary Society have day-schools in Porto Rico ? Why don't the children go to the public schools ?" Strange and sad as it seems, there were almost no schools on the island when it belonged to Spain. The United States government has done a great deal to make it a healthier and better place in which to live, and has built a great many schoolhouses. But it has not been able to build them fast enough to provide a chance for all the children, especially for the very small ones. Then, too, the boys and girls who attend public schools are required to wear suitable clothing and shoes, and many people are too poor to provide these for their children. In the missionary schools we help to supply them when necessary.

Our McKinley kindergarten in San Juan is such a happy place! You would love the dear little people there just as you do those in this country if you could see them in their games and kindergarten work. Better still, all the children who go to this kindergarten must also go to Sunday school, and in that way we have the best possible chance to teach them of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In this kindergarten, too, some of the older girls of the Orphanage are learning to be teachers for little children. Who can tell what this may mean for Porto Rico by-and-by ?

The other day-schools are just as much needed and doing just as good work. Some of the Orphanage girls are already in training in "the States," and expecting to go back to their island birth-place as missionaries.

## Good Times and New Stories

WHEN little Anita down in San Juan, or Ponce, says, "Tell me a story, mother," what do you suppose she hears? I am quite sure that the tired Porto Rican mother who never in all her life has had enough to eat or suitable clothes to wear, knows very few stories. But those she does know are most likely legends of a saint, or stories of Mary, the mother of Jesus, which she has learned from a priest, but which are not in the Bible. She could not read them if they were, because the priest, if he knew she had one, would make her burn it for, as he would say, "The Bible is not a fit book for the common people to read." And Anita's mother, alas, does not know how to read even in her own musical Spanish language.

There is another story that the children are sure to learn when December comes, with its warm, soft air and blossoming flowers. It is the story of Three Kings Day. Perhaps you have learned to sing

"We three kings of Orient are,  
Bearing gifts we traverse far  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder Star.  
Oh, Star of wonder, Star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to the perfect light."

Like some boys and girls who ought to know better, the chief thought of Anita and her boy and girl friends at this holiday time is of what it will bring to them. You cannot wonder much at that, for, poor children, they have so very little to make them happy. If they can have a couple of cents to pay for a look through the peep-hole of a street vender's box at the three images of men on horseback inside, it is great fun.

Christmas stockings all in a row? Not a bit of it! But if they happen to have shoes—many Porto Rican children did not have them until schools were started by our government and the children were obliged to wear shoes and something more than the "birthday suits" that had been the sole clothing of many of them up to ten years of age, or even older—if they have shoes, they fill them with grass the night before Three Kings Day, and set them outside the door of their home. They have never heard of Santa Claus, but it really seems as if he must have a "branch office" on

the island, for they expect to find the grass gone in the morning—taken by the Three Kings for their horses—and some dainty, or fruit, in its place. "They say" that the Three Kings leave a bundle of sticks in the shoe if the owner has not been a good boy or girl. I've heard the same thing said about Santa Claus, but I can't quite think he would be so unkind as that. Can you?

But some of the Anitas, and Fernandos and Maries are in the mission schools, and there are clothes to wear there, and food to eat, all they need—yes, and stories to hear. And the very best of these is told a few days before Three Kings Day, on the same "night before Christmas" that you celebrate here. Strange and beautiful things come with this story. There is a tree in one corner of the school parlor, a tree with lighted candles and hung with strange fruit. It is seldom an evergreen such as we use here,



"Mira, Mira!"

for that would have to be brought in a steamer from the United States, and would be too expensive. It may be a young cocoanut palm, or a lemon tree whose spines are capital for holding decorations.

You may be sure the door into this room is kept carefully locked till everything is ready. And when it is opened what a surprise it reveals to the new-comers in the school. The stories they have heard of last year's tree did not half equal the reality. They crowd around it with sparkling eyes and pointing fingers, saying eagerly, "Mira ! Mira !" "Look ! Look !"

But the best of the Christmas, after all, is its songs and stories of Him to whom the Three Kings brought gifts, for love of whom the missionary school is made a happy place and in whose name they are taught to help others.

Sundays in Porto Rico are not the quiet, holy days to which you are accustomed, except in the mission churches, Sunday schools and Homes. The Catholic churches often raffle off shoes and other things on Sunday; they have noisy, gaudy processions on God's day, there are cock-fights, and the stores are open just the same as on weekdays. But in the mission Homes it is very different. "No visitors on Sunday" is the rule there, for both teachers and children need the day for quiet reading, church-going and rest.

You have learned in your geography, or history, that Cuba became an independent nation and Porto Rico came into the possession of the United States as a result of the war between the United States and Spain, in 1898. While we are studying especially about Porto Rico there are many things alike in the two islands, and it is true that the people of both need to know the story of "Jesus and His love" as they have never, under Spain, had the chance to learn it. Our "Conquest Series" is meant to show some of the results of Missionary work, and this is a good place in which to let a Christian mother in Cuba tell her story :

"My son was in sympathy with the Cubans who wanted to be free from the cruel treatment given them by Spain, and one day a man reported this to the Spanish officers. He was arrested and imprisoned in the fort. Every day when I heard the rifle-shots within the fort, I knew that some poor soul was being shot there, and I expected every day that it would be my son's turn—for the Spanish killed their prisoners. I had but a very little food, not enough for my family at home, but I took some and rowed across the river in a tiny boat and gave the food to the guard, begging him to give it to my boy. It was all I could do for him, but many

and many a time the guard ate it himself.

"I was a Catholic then, and when I heard, after a while, that all the Cuban prisoners were to be taken to Spain, I sent my son a cross made of consecrated wood, with a note telling him to keep it always, for it would surely help him. The miserable old ship was many days on the water, and he died on the way, but his body was taken for burial in Spain. Everything of any value had been stolen from him, but he died with that little cross in his hand, and although the priest tried to get it, he could not loosen the tight clasp with which it was held in his poor, cold hands.

"When I can I am going across to Spain. I know where that grave is and I shall know the bones of my son, for he will hold the cross still. I have become a Christian since then, and I have forgiven the man who betrayed my son. He is here in the city to-day, and he has seven children to support, and I know they need his help. It is sweet to forgive."



### Bed-time at the Orphanage

Such lessons as this are the very best kind of lessons because they show how God can help in real lives. It is not an easy thing to forgive injuries, and to really "love your enemies." The Protestant church is not only teaching Roman Catholics and the many, many more people in Porto Rico who did not believe in any church, or even in God, but it is helping the Catholic church there to see that it must be purer and better if it is to do God's work.

## Some Others Who Do Not Know the Stories

THE Spanish work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society is not all in Porto Rico, for the Mexican girls in "the States" need help just as do their sisters in the Southern seas. Our Society has Homes and schools for them in Los Angeles, California (Frances De Pauw Home), Albuquerque, New Mexico (Harwood Home), Tucson, Arizona, and in El Paso, Texas. Look up these places on the map and see if you can learn one reason why there are many Mexicans in these cities. Where did they come from? Why did they come?

Tourists, as a rule, do not enjoy the ride across the desert of New Mexico and Arizona. They are too eager to reach sunny California, or the South or the East, to see anything interesting in the wide plains covered with dust and sage-brush. The dust is not pleasant, to be sure. But what if you had to live in it? Missionary eyes see something beyond—or through—the dust, for wherever the train stops there are children, bare-footed, dark-faced boys and girls—and they have "no chance." Their homes are dotted all over the plains—low, mud-colored houses, for they are made of mud, a sticky mud, in very much the same way that you used to make mud cakes and set them in the sun to "bake." One could hardly distinguish them from the ground on which they stand were it not that along the eaves hang long strings of red peppers hung there to dry, and the roofs are often covered with growing grasses.

By the sides of the houses are circular mounds of adobe (the dried mud) with an opening in one side. These are the ovens in which the family do their baking. After a fire inside has made flat stones very hot, the dough is placed on the stones and the opening closed. For several years our girls in Harwood Home baked all the bread for the family in one of these ovens.

Many Spanish-speaking people in this part of the country were once rich, and owned most of the land. Now all are very poor and, as a rule, very ignorant, not only of books but of all other things that seem to us to make life worth living. Why should we help them? Because they need our help. From their wretched homes and the little hamlets without schools, the girls come into the mis-

sionary Homes and learn better ways of living, and the value of cleanliness, order and system; they learn lessons from books; they attend Sunday school and church; and, best of all, they learn from all these things, and from the sweet Christian lives of their teachers, the story of the Saviour. Many of them give their hearts to Christ and that means new ambitions, new hopes, new plans to make something of their own lives. It is often said that you can tell at a glance if the mistress of a Mexican house has been educated in a missionary Home, for it looks so very different from the others. Often the girls go back to their own little plazas, or villages, and make the little adobe houses neat and pleasant places in which to live. They gather the children around them and, almost before one would think it possible, a little Sunday school is started, and the people, young and old, see and hear the same "new stories" that are told down in Porto Rico.



A Frances De Pauw Girl





